



# JOEY EVANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls



God cannot be everywhere and so he made mothers

## THE STORY OF SYLVIA



WHEN Sylvia was brought to us she was hardly more than a baby, and one of the prettiest babies you ever saw.

She was a gray squirrel, with a snaky, frisking, bushy tail and lovely, big, dark eyes—two marks of beauty highly esteemed in squirrels.

If Sylvia was only a baby, she was a very independent one, with a strong will of her own, which she first manifested by stating firmly not very gently, (either) that handling was most distasteful to her, and that a cage was quite too "retched an affair for her to honor with her presence."

Like most babies, she usually had her own way. Her sharp yellow teeth were as good as a

pin, which, strange as it may seem, she regarded as the choicest of the dainties, and gobbled down with amazing relish.

We human beings were not the only ones who stood in wholesome awe of Miss Sylvia's sharp teeth. The fox terrier, too—poor little wretch!—was afraid of her, and would jump from room to room with naughty Miss Sylvia biting his heels.

If Madam Ginger, our family cat, had been a less disinclined person, she, too, might have suffered. As it was, we could see that she regarded Sylvia's wild rough manners with silent disfavor, and once or twice we saw a look in her eyes which seemed to say, "Wait till I catch you my fiddy young lady!"

Sylvia being so tame, we often let her go out of doors, and generally managed to bring her in again without much trouble. One evening we opened her cage and let her out as usual, and soon saw her sporting among the branches of an apple tree that grew in the yard.

Now, Sylvia was quite a flirt, and all ways if one of us was out on the lawn she would come scampering over the limbs till she was just within reach of them, with the most impudent whisk of her lovely tail, she would dart to the very highest branch and sit chattering foolishly.

On this particular evening, Madam Ginger suddenly appeared on the scene, and before one could stop her she had climbed the tree and taken a crouching position on a high limb, looking her tail to and fro, while she watched the gambols of her little innocent intended victim.

"That little Sylvia! Is this to be the sad end of your evening's frolic?" we wondered, and seeing the cat about to spring, we put our hands over our eyes to keep from seeing the sight.

There was a sudden rustle in the air, and down the tree flew Madam Ginger, her dignity for once cast to the winds and her tail big with terror. She laughed, Sylvia did as she leaped hilariously from bough to bough.

No doubt she laughed in derision later, when after trying in vain to coax her down, we placed her cage under the tree, and when she happened to be in one of her playful moods she would bite and scratch our hands just as a playful kitten would do.

Then, too, she looked on us as the chief source of nuts—cracked nuts, if you please. If we dared offer her a cracked one, she firmly pushed them back into our hands and patted our fingers down over them—a refusal which we could not help but understand.

Once she hid a nut in a lady's hair and abstracted in its stead a bone hair-

PLEASE DO NOT HANDLE

sign. And she was so much more happy and beautiful when let out of her cage to leap from chair to chair and so scamper over the curtains than when standing on her hind feet as a lonely little prisoner, with her nose against the lattice, and never shut her eyes up if we could find one willing to watch her.

We always felt that we belonged to Sylvia more than Sylvia belonged to us. She seldom permitted us to put our hands on her, but would crawl all over us, and when she happened to be in one of her playful moods she would bite and scratch our hands just as a playful kitten would do.

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## The Manx Cat.

THERE once was a cat from the Isle of Man, And a dignified cat he was; When the other kittens their fun began, And chased their tails and frolicked and ran.

He shook his head And severely said: "Such frolics are not for me!" "But, why," said I to the stately cat, "Do you never join the fun?" "I do," he said, "and more like that, Each day you'll grow more sleepy and fat."

Come, don't be a snail, Go, chase your tail!" Said he, "I AIN'T GOT NONE!" —C. M. BUSH.



A Precaution.

"What did you do with that letter that was on my table?" asked a man of the colored boy who dusts his office. "I tucked it in de postoffice safe, and put it in de hole."

"What did you do that for? Didn't you see there was no address on the envelope?"

"I saw there was no writin' on develope, but I tucked it in de postoffice safe, and put it in de hole."

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## Tricks And Games.

HIT is an extremely amusing trick: Place two persons on their knees, opposite to one another, each is to kneel on one knee, with the other leg in the air.

Give one of them a lighted candle, requesting him to light that of the other person. This is exceedingly difficult to do, both being poised delicately on one knee and liable to tumble on the slightest movement.

Get a good-sized cork or bung. Upon it place a small lighted candle. Then set it afloat in a tub of water.

Next, lower an inverted drinking glass down over the light and push it carefully down into the water. You will see



the candle burn under water. Can you tell what causes this phenomenon?

If you take a large pickle bottle, cut off the bottom and set it in place of the drinking glass, the candle will burn much longer under water.

Can you tell why?

Have you ever tested what they call the permutation table?

Take ten blank cards, and on them write the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 0, respectively. Shuffle in the following manner: Slip on 1 and 2, above them put 3 and 4, under these four cards place 5, 6 and 7; then, at the top of the pack put 8 and 9, and the 0 card at the bottom.

Shuffle as often as you please in the same manner. At each new shuffle you will have a different order. But after the seventh shuffle you will find them back in the original order again. Try it and see if the cards do not come in the following order:

First shuffle—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 (bottom).

Second shuffle—6, 7, 8, 9, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Third shuffle—5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Fourth shuffle—4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, 1, 2, 3.

Fifth shuffle—3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, 1, 2.

Sixth shuffle—2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, 1.

Seventh shuffle—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 (the original order).

## A Lesson in Gallantry



EVERY country has its own customs, many of which are very curious and picturesque. And some countries, like the United States, are so large that the customs of one section are quite different from those of another section of the same country.

For instance, it is only in certain parts of the South that a young man, when he wishes a young lady's company to a party, asks her if he may "tote her" to the function. No young man in any other part of the South or in the North or East or West would think of using the expression unless as a joke.

Tolly Evans cannot tell you what phrases this handsome Latin gentleman employed to invite his lady love to visit the village fair with him. But they were beautiful, soft, Italian words, you may be sure. For everything connected with the Latin races is picturesque. And Beppo looks especially so.

Would you boys be as gallant as Beppo, do you think, and foot it yourselves up and down the mountain passes, leading the donkey upon which you have enthroned your lady love?

Perhaps you have no lady love as yet, and you certainly have neither donkeys nor mountain passes. But you meet with girls and women every day. YOU do not let them stand in the aisles and suffer from the rough jolting of the cars, do you? YOU do not fail to uncover your head in the presence of ladies, do you? That's right—that's the gentleman, boys!

## Little Africans At School

SAW a strange sight as we would see if we could take a ship to the shores of Africa.

We would find thousands of naked little Africans reclining Golden Texts in Christian Sunday-schools.

Tomorrow morning we would go down their rude streets and find many of the little youngsters in day school, learning their lessons all the way from A, B, C up to the second reader. Some of them would be naked as this boy in the front seat, others half dressed and others fully dressed.

Tastes differ down there in that hot country—some boys and girls dressing (or undressing) for comfort, others for style.

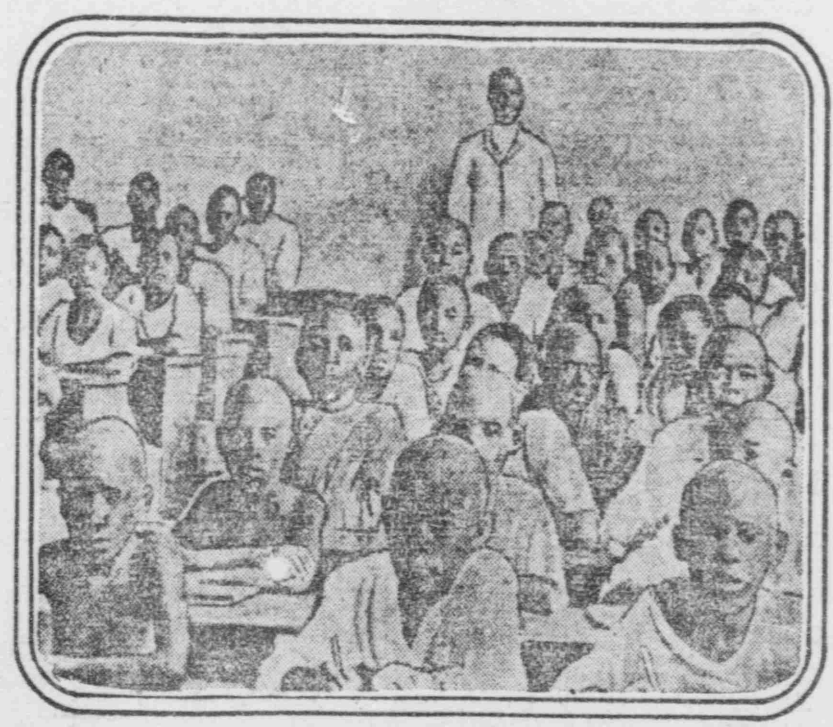
These schools are only few and far between as yet, for there are not nearly enough missionaries and government teachers in that vast continent to instruct the millions of children now growing up under their guidance. The reports of these missionaries, they take to learning pretty well. But, of course, they are not quick and intelligent like you children who have an educated ancestry.

Almost all the schools are doing a very sensible thing indeed, for those little Africans—they are teaching handicrafts, such as bookbinding, typesetting, carpentry, brickmaking, shoemaking, and so on—which are the things they need more than book-learning, at present.

What a difference between the experiences these children are having and that of their grandfathers. In the old days the children were in daily danger of being snatched away

from their homes by heathen slave-dealers, and sold into dreadful slavery in some far-distant land.

No one except an occasional missionary dreamed then of trying to teach the children a little learning and some useful trade.



### Robinson Crusoe

THE success of "Robinson Crusoe" was doubtless the reason why, in the Swiss Family Robinson, Johann Rudolf von Wyl, a Swiss professor, early in the last century, set forth the experiences of a family cast away on an island inhabited by the foot of man. It is the only survivor of many imitations of "Robinson Crusoe."

In a story entitled "Crusoe in New York," the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells in amusing fashion how a man lived alone in a vacant lot surrounded by a high board fence in the heart of the great city.

The story is told of the owner of a noisy roomer who named the galleonous bird Robinson. When asked one reason for this designation, he replied: "I did it because he drew so."

This may be paralleled by the story of the hen and the former pastor of Plymouth Church.

"Go a hen, said the great Brooklyn preacher: 'My dear, you're a Brooklyn creature.' And the hen, just for that, laid two eggs in his hat."

And thus did the hen reward Beecher.

### Bogey Nursery Rhyme

Crosspatch, draw the latch, Sit by the fire and spin; Take a cup, and drink it up, And call the bogies in.



### Do You Know?

That boys and girls have two kinds of large snakes, have 22 pairs of ribs? That even grass will not grow well under the shade of trees? That young blackbirds look very much like little thrushes? That when wild pigeons settle on a tree they take a good look from the top branches before they enter the lower branches to sleep?

### Shoes in Constantinople

THATSHI SHOES, also Japanese shoes, are purposely made so loose fitting as to be easily slipped on and off.

For every Turkish boy or girl enters a house or shop, a mosque or the school building, he must don his street shoes and don a sort of toe slipper made of wood or leather.

Isn't it a queer custom? But they think us queer to take off our hats and keep on our shoes. They never think of removing their hats.

The shoe shops of Constantinople consist of a sort of platform two or three feet high and not much over ten feet wide, covered with carpet or a mat, with cushions to sit on and a little cubbyhole behind—that is all. The shopkeeper sits cross-legged on his cushion, smoking his Turkish pipe. His customer sits on a chair outside and inspects the great variety of shoes that are on display—long soldier boots, wooden pattens for the bath, red shoes for Armenians, blue shoes for Greeks, black shoes for Jews, slippers made of fur, silk, velvet and brocade, embroidered slippers, gold and gem spangled shoes, etc., etc.

When he has made his choice he points to the shoes he wants, and the shopkeeper leisurely reaches for them. He is in no hurry to sell.

### Can You Tell?

Can you tell Tolly Evans if there is any present tense or future tense of the verb "waught?" We can say: "The woman's agony wrought upon his sympathies." But how can we say it is having that effect at the present moment, or prophesy that it will have that effect tomorrow? Look in the dictionary, boys and girls, it's a curious question.

## THAT FELLOW DALE

THE boys of the Durh. Boarding School were gathered on the campus engaged in a very animated discussion.

"I tell you, fellows," said Joyce, the captain of the football eleven, "that that Dale is a beastly cad and a coward, and if he were not such a good quarterback I'd send him to Coventry."

Dale was a new boy at the school, had never been away from home before and was inclined to be "sissified," as the boys at the school now often remarked.

He had on several occasions refused to fight, when challenged by boys who were by no means stouter than he, and now, when struck by Joyce, had calmly walked away.

The two things most despised by schoolboys are a thief and coward, and even though Dale had scored the winning touchdown in the game between Durham and Preston and a report had come to the school that he had thrashed one of the village boys for ill-treating a kitten, the boys kept him at a distance.

At last this became unbearable, and he resolved to leave after the Christmas holidays.

It was the 20th of December the last day of school, and tomorrow the boys would return home for a three weeks' vacation. The senior class gave an entertainment in the evening, and had decorated the assembly room with evergreen and bolly.

At half-past 10, when all the boys were in their dormitories, a smell of smoke was detected issuing from the assembly room, and in another fifteen minutes the boys were out of the buildings. The green decorations had in some manner caught fire, and after smoldering for some time, had set fire to the ceiling.

Dale was with the other boys, when he suddenly remembered that little Jimmie Dale was in the sickroom with a sprained ankle.

Quick as a flash, he was through the front door, and groping through the smoke, found his way to the room where Jimmie was vainly trying to crawl to the door. He carried him to the window and down the fire-escape to safety.



DALE was the only person in the building, but that Mrs. Norman, the doctor's wife, had fainted in the hallway. He was back in the building before any one could prevent him, carrying a long rope with him. He reached the hall and lowered Mrs. Norman from the window, as the fire-escape had become loosened from its fastenings and fallen to the ground.

He went back into the room, and nothing was seen of him for a few minutes, when Joyce, running through the front door and up the stairs, saw a new blaze, disappeared, only to appear at the window with the unconscious form of Jimmie, who had become overpowered by smoke. He made the rope fast, and carefully lowered himself, with his head down, to safety, amid the cheers of the crowd.

The school was burned to the ground, but so soon as the new building is completed, Dale is to return, and no longer as "that coward."

There are no such chums in the school as Joyce and Dale, and it is rumored that, upon Joyce's graduating at the end of the year, the football team will be ably captained by Dale.

C. F. BROOKS.

## PUZZLES and PROBLEMS

### Picture Puzzle.

THIS picture puzzle today will interest even the tiny little folks, because a very familiar rhyme is the answer to it. Can you tell what it is?

### Drop Letter Puzzles.

- What cities in the United States?
- P-I--d--d--h-a.
  - S-I--e--a.
  - C-I--e--o.
  - S-I--f--m--a--o.
  - S-I--L--u--a--e.
  - H--I--f--d.
  - N--w--O--e--n--.
  - I--d--e--s--a.
  - L--s--e.
  - W--h--g--n.

### What Invention?

My first letter is in say, but not in letter. My second letter is in lip, but not in stutter. My third letter is in story, but not in tale. My fourth letter is in succeed, but not in fail. My fifth letter is in helm, but not in mast. My sixth letter is in first, but not in last. My seventh letter is in speak, but not in mention. While my whole will prove a great invention.

### Two-Word Squares.

(Each of these words has four letters.)

- A very useful metal.
- A kind of cord.
- A precious stone.
- A girl's name.

### A Bird.

To wander. Part of a stone. Past tense of go.

### Printers' Pl.

Can you tell what four lines from Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" have been put into the following printers' pl?

"Owh ifoon vach i sesebdl het moeing Ewhn llof meriting eltn ts urtn et sayp: Adn lht hte livilleg rtan, rofm iboar fere. Lde pu hiet postra enbeabt het pestrangl eret."

### Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters. My 1, 2, 3, 11, 12 is genuine, true. My 1, 2, 3, 4, 8 is the name of a girl. My 1, 11, 12, 13 is to chase. My 6, 11, 5, 7, 9 is the name of a liquid used with the deserts. My 7, 8, 12, 13 is the name of a boy. My whole is the name of an ancient Roman who was assassinated.

### Riddles.

1. In what month do the people of Bantlach eat the least? "The Swiss Family Robinson." But how can we say it is having that effect at the present moment, or prophesy that it will have that effect tomorrow? Look in the dictionary, boys and girls, it's a curious question.

### Double Behanding.

With my heads I am a staple food. Beheld me and I am a verb. Beheld me again and I am a preposition. Do you recognize me?

### Single Behanding.

I am a sign of fortune and misfortune; beheld me and I am frozen water. What am I?

### Shorthand Spelling.

What word of nine letters and four syllables does this spell? X X U S.

### Piquet on Horseback.

This is not a puzzle for YOU to solve, but for you to mystify your friends with.

The point is to count up to 100 with a friend, each taking his turn in the count, and see which one reaches 100 first.

The only rule for both counters to observe is this: That each may add whatever he pleases to the last number, provided the addition does not reach eleven. In other words, ten is the limit.

What must first understand the peculiar characteristics of the number 11, when multiplied by 1, 2, 3, etc., you know, the product always joins two similar figures, 11, 22, 33, 44, etc.

You must bear in mind all these products and count in such a manner as to find yourself always 1 above any of

### JOHNNY'S ANSWERS.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Teacher—Why is a field of grass like a person older than you?

Johnny—Because it is past your age (pasture).

Teacher—What is the best way to raise strawberries?

Johnny—With a spoon.

Teacher—How can a person make his coat last?

Johnny—Make his pants and vest first.

Teacher—When is a man duplicated?

Johnny—When he is beside himself.

Teacher—What is it that occurs twice in a moment, once in a minute, and not once in a thousand years?

Johnny—The letter M.

Teacher—Why does a sailor know there's a man in the moon?

Johnny—Because he's been to sea (see).

Teacher—Why was Eve not afraid of the snakes?

Johnny—Because she had "Adam."

Teacher—Why is Sunday the strongest day in the week?

Johnny—Because the rest are weak days.

Teacher—What is the difference between a hill and a pill?

Johnny—One is hard to get up; the other is hard to get down.

Teacher—Why is a live like a spectator at a show?

Johnny—Because it is a see-bell.

Teacher—Why is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation?

Johnny—Because you first kill him before you cure him.

Teacher—Why is a woman mending her stockings deformed?

Johnny—Because her hands are where her feet belong.

Teacher—When is a cow not a cow?

Johnny—When it is turned into a doll.

### Discouraging to the Tramps.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Hubbubs—Have you ever bothered with tramps out here?

Subbubs—No; I have a sign on the gate reading: "We are vegetarians, but our dog isn't."